WEEKLY MUSEUM.

"WITH SWEETEST FLOWERS ENRICH'D, FROM VARIOUS GARDENS CULL'D WITH CARE."

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IDDA OF TOKENBURG;

OR THE FORCE OF JEALOUSY.

(Translated from the German of Augustus Lafontaine)

[CONTINUED.]

THE count took the lamp from the chain by which it hung, approached it to the damp ground, which it feebly enlightened; then, taking the hand of Idda, "Dost thou not see," said he "the toad and the venemous reptile, the ancient inhabitants of this dungeon? Dost thou not shudder? And shall I leave thee here alone in this dreadful abode of despair? Hast thou the courage to remain here alone?—It is impossible! Go, Idda, and deliver me."

"Dost thou forget," said Idda with a smile, "dost thou forget that I had resolved, with the dagger, to force the guards to open thy prison to me? Dost thou not know that this dagger is destined to pierce my own heart, should I thou obstinately refuse to grant me my request? Whoever fears not death may be calm in the den of the lion. Refuse no longer, beloved, dearest Henry!"

But recollect, Idda, that thy delivery from this dungeon is almost impossible. The guards are numerous and well armed. The road to Kirchberg is watched by flying parties, and Kiburg is near with a strong body of troops, Even supposing, what is most improbable, that I should arrive here with my followers unperceived, a blast of the martial horn shall give the signal to the partisans of Kiburg; I shall be oppressed by numbers, repulsed, and thy anxious waiting shall end in disappointment and despair.—Leave thee here alone! oh, it is impossible, my Idda!"

"Thou hast told me nothing new; all this I knew before I came hither. I myself considered deliverance by force is almost impossible; but only almost. It as probably possible; and this probability is at least worth the attempt. Dost thou not think so? I will remain here."

"And should no rescue come!—Remember, Idda, thou art in the power of the cruel Kiburg. Thou must die for me, Idda."

"Dost thou think death so terrible, Knight Henry?—I am in the power of the cruel Kiburgh—I may die for thee, think est thou I had not reflected on this before?—I will remain here."

"Idda, if thou hopest Kiburg will spare thee because thou art a woman, thou knowest not the deadly hatred of a father's pierced and wounded heart. To him thou art no woman; thou art the child of the man who killed his son, Idda, thou must go."

"I will stay, Tokenburg; I will stay. My death is not so certain as thine. Kiburg will find with astonishment me only to his power. Compassion, and, possibly, surprise, may have some unexpected effect. I do not confide much in this possibility, but it may save us, and therefore we ought not to neglect to make the experiment. Were the love of life stronger in my breast than the love of thee, I certainly would not make it. But—Let us [illegible] the worst. When I am brought forth, Kiburg will find in me, instead of his enemy, the affianced bride of his enemy, the daughter of the man who has slain his son. Let us suppose that he should not regard my sex, that he should not be restrained by the shame of putting a woman to death, that he should listen only to the furious voice of his revenge, and not to my prayers, and that I must die.—Be it so: I shall die for thee, Tokenburg; and that will be happiness compared with the pang of dying or despair on thy grave. Or dost thou really think that I will consent to survive thee? Then dost thou little know my love, or the firmness of my resolution."

"And shall I, Idda, in this struggle, be vanquished and despised? Shall I receive my life by the sacrifice of thine? I should become—No, Idda, thou requirest of me an impossibility."

"Who requires thee not to die with me? I did not say my life was of less value than thine; but only that without thee I cannot live. Thou too will not live without me, because thou lovest me. But possibly both our lives may be preserved; and while there is this possibility I will, I must, remain here. Tokenburg, be a man; destroy not our last, our only hope, because thou art too proud to accept a benefaction from a woman."

"Idda, it is impossible! Thou shalt not persuade me to quit these walls. I will remain."

"Remain, then, cruel man, and, by a stupid pride, annihilate the last hope of our love. Let it be so. I will share with thee thy despair. See, I take possession of thy prison, and never more will leave it; we will both be led to death together; of this wretched hope thy pride cannot deprive me."—She sat herself calmly down on a stone, and reclined her head, as if desirous of sleep.

"How, Idda! thou art resolved to remain here? Recollect thy death must then be inevitable."

"Dost thou trifle with my love? Must I a thousand times repeat that I am resolved to deliver both thyself and me, or to die with thee. O beloved of my heart! refuse not to embrace the only means remaining to save us."—Again she repeated all the arguments she before urged, again she had recourse to the most earnest entreaties; till, after a long and difficult struggle the Count consented to make his escape, and leave her in the prison.

She now unbound his armor, and, modestly retiring, hastily threw off her own apparel, and placed her lover's coat of mail over her beauteous and chaste breast. She assisted him to put on her clothing, threw her veil over him, and wrapped him in the cloak in which she came. He in like manner aided her to put on his armor, still entreating her to leave him to his fate. When every thing was ready, he surveyed her with streaming eyes, fell on his knees before her, and raising his hands towards the arched vault of the dungeon, exclaimed, "O God! thy eye observes us now! If ever a heart deserved thy aid, it is that of Idda. Let thy mercy protect unfortunate but most faithful love!"

"Now must thou go dearest Henry! Be this our last farewell. (Idda pressed her lips to his) This be our last kiss, or the beginning of a better fortune."—She then drew the visor of the helmet over her face, wrapped her veil around her lover, and knocked with a stone at the door, as a sign to the guard to open it.

The guard came. Tokenburg threw himself again at the feet of his Idda. She pressed him to her breast, and whispered "farewell."—He then passed out through the narrow door of the dungeon. "Now may heaven comfort you!" said the guard, as he went before the Count; "You have performed your vow, and he may die in peace." Tokenburg hastily ascended the staircase, reached the outer gate of the tower, and passed the guards, who had laid themselves down to sleep by the fire. He proceeded along the rocky path into the plain, and soon came to the cottage of a faithful vassal of Baron Kirchberg, where he made himself known, threw off his female attire, and caused the dress and armor of a soldier to be brought him. He conjured the peasant, by his oath and fealty, to observe the strictest secrecy, and hastened to Kirchberg, where, without declaring who he was, he solicited admission, as one who could give the Knight some information of the Count of Tokenburg. He wished to engage Kirchberg to collect his troops, and tell them they were to be employed in the deliverance of Count Tokenburg. Then he would have headed them, without making himself known, lest their joy at his deliverance should betray the secret, and put Kiburg on his guard.

The unhappy father of Idda was with difficulty persuaded to admit to his presence the stranger who professed to bring him intelligence of the Count of Tokenburg. "Alas!" said he, "what can he bring? Can he tell me that the affianced husband of my daughter is saved from death? Let him come in." The attendants of the unfortunate Kirchberg had concealed from him the departure of his daughter, that they might not agravate his grief into fury and despair.

Tokenburg entered. Kirchberg feebly raised himself on his couch, and asked impatiently: "What dost thou bring?" Tokenburg took off his helmet, and threw himself at his feet. "God be praised!" exclaimed the old man, and joy renewing his strength, started suddenly up, and endeavoured to rush out from the room; but the Count hastily seized him by the arm, and held him. "Stay, my father!" exclaimed he, "and betray me not." Kirchberg struggled to get from him, to carry to his daughter the joyful tidings, but Henry would not relax his hold. "Barbarian," exclaimed Kirchberg, aloud, "loose me! Shall my Idda be suffered to die with grief? Loose me, I say!"

The attendants of the Knight hearing him exclaim, "loose me!" rushed into the chamber, and stood thunderstruck with admiration when they beheld Tokenburg. "Alas! how unfortunate am I," cried the Count, and quitted his hold of the baron, who ran precipitately to the chamber of his daughter, exclaiming, "Tokenburg is here, Idda! thy Henry is here?" He now for the first time learned that his daughter was gone from the castle.

"Fly! seek her! bring her hither again," cried he to his attendants, who soon dispersed themselves over the neighboring country in search of the wandering Idda.

The baron Kirchberg returned to the count, exclaiming, "My Idda is gone from the castle!"—"On Heaven!" replied the latter, "that I knew long since: to you must be imputed the destruction of us both." He then related to the baron the noble act of Idda. A death-like paleness overspread the face of the aged knight, when he learnt where his daughter was.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

THE GREAT DEVIL.

TROUBLESOME times produce great men and great criminals. Among the latter none has inspired, for these last ten years, more fear in Italy, than the famous brigand known by the name of "*Grand Diabolo*," or "*Great Devil.*" Any person incurring his hatred was certain to perish. He has dispatched magistrates, surrounded by pleaders and guards; he has murdered husbands by the side of their wives, and in the midst of their families; and he has stabbed officers of the line with their comrades and soldiers. Blood, and not plunder, was his principal passion.—Alike generous and revengeful, humane and cruel, what he took from the rich he distributed among the poor; but no sooner did he hear of an unjust and oppressive act, than the name of the oppressor was inscribed on his list of proscriptions.

He was neither fond of gold, nor wine, nor women. He had made for himself a code of right and wrong, which he had followed on all occasions. He restored several times plunder, when he heard the plundered was near being ruined by his loss, and he allowed several pensions to widows and orphans, whose husbands or parents he found out to be innocent, after he had put them to death. The band of Brigands under his command amounted to one thousand two hundred, dispersed in the Alps and in the Appenine; but he was only personally known to twelve inferior chiefs, who under pain of death, were forced to execute his orders within twenty-four hours. He was convicted of having killed 175 persons, either alone or in company with other brigands, though he denied having destroyed more than 26 individuals. His first victim was Padre Francisco, a priest who abused his mistress's confidence in the confessional, to debauch her; and his last was the advocate Retro, whom he suspected of having sold the liberty and independence of his country, Genoa. The one he stabbed before the altar in the Magdalen Chapel; the latter he strangled in his study in the Senate house. He never murdered any females, and persons of the other sex under 20 and above 60 were always respected by him.

On the 17th of May he was executed, and shewed on this trying occasion an uncommon firmness. From the prison to the place of execution, he kept the step with his escort as if he had belonged to the battallion. He would not suffer any bandage for his eyes. He called out to the gens d'armes who were to shoot him, *Courage, Comrades!* and he died in asking of God forgiveness for his *mistaken notions*, not for his crimes. His body was buried in the usual place for criminals, but it was dug up in the night and in its place was interred the body of Signor Sebastiano, who had decided as judge for his death. These facts proved that his band had survived its chief.

For the NEW-YORK WEEKLY MUSEUM.

TO THE OUTCAST.

POOR Youth! and art thou left alone,
And hath thy Friend deserted thee!
Art thou in lone vales doom'd to roam,
And there bewail thy destiny?

But what unfriendly act of thine,
That caused me from thee to part?
'Twas a perfidious, base design,
To wound afresh my bleeding heart.

'Twas you (conceal'd in Friendship's form,)
By base, malicious arts devis'd,
To bring on me the dreadful storm,
That would my honor sacrific'd.

Then learn th' inestimable worth,
Of sacred Friendship; nor delude
Thy Friend, with false and flattering words,
Nor treat him with Ingratitude.

J****.

TO MARY IN HEAVEN.

By Robert Burns.

THOUGH lingering star, with less'ning ray,
That lov'st to greet the early morn,
Again thy usher'st in the day,
My Mary from my soul was torn.

O, Mary! dear departed shade!
Where is thy place of blissful rest?
Seest thou thy lover lowly laid?
Hear'st thou the groans that rend his breast?

That sacred hour can I forget,
Can I forget the hallow'd grove,
Where by the winding Ayr we met,
To live one day of parting love!

Eternity will not efface
Those records dear of transports past;
Thy image at our last embrace;
Ah! little thought we 'twas our last.

Ayr gurgling kiss'd his pebbled shore,
O'erhung with wild woods thick'ning green;
The fragrant birch, and hawthorn hoar,
'Twin'd amorous round the raptur'd scene.

The flowers sprang wanton to the prest,
The birds sung love on every spray,
Till too, too soon, the glowing west
Proclaimed the speed of winged day.

Still o'er these scenes my mem'ry wakes,
And fondly broods with miser care;
Time but th' impression deeper makes,
As streams their channels deeper wear.

My Mary! dear departed shade!
Where is thy blissful place of rest?
See'st thou thy lover lowly laid?
Hear'st thou the groans that rend his breast.

ON A PRINTING HOUSE.

THIS World's a Printing House, in which inclosure,
Each soul's a sheet, flam'd by the great Composer;
Our thoughts and deeds are types of various sizes,
Which Christ corrects, and blot 'n the whole revises;
Death is the printing-press, from which being driv'n,
We're gather'd, sheet by sheet, and bound for Heav'n.

MARY's TOMB;

A Fragment.

A few mornings ago, I passed by chance, through the church-yard of Ya——th, and could not help pausing for a moment on beholding a tall handsome girl, kneeling at the foot of a lowly grave. Her hands were devoutly clasped, and her tearful eyes raised to heaven. She saw me not, and the following affectionate Soliloquy issued from the most beautiful lips that nature ever formed.

"Peace to thy spirit, thou amiable unfortunate! thou irresistible child of wit and humor, peace be to thee! and may you, lovely victim of prejudice, be far happier in unknown regions, than when on this troubled earth: for Slander, that base fiend! cannot reach thee now, my dearest, best of friends! Angels will open wide the gates of Heaven to admit my spotless, persecuted Mary, and blooming cherubs loudly chaunt forth her praise! Methinks I now behold thy fragile form bending beneath its weight of woe, reposed on the sopha, with your hand clasped fast in that of Edward's, and a pensive smile directed to thy Catharine: a smile which even the happy Edward himself envied my possession! Oh! could thy devoted friend but have been near thee to have smoothed thy rugged pillow, and to have catched thy last expiring sigh, this throbbing bosom would have acquired a transient composure from thy heavenly brow, and a small thrill of serenity would have animated this full heart! But, no; fate, cruel fate! was unpropitious to poor Catharine, and detained her far distant from her beloved Mary and friendship!"

The lovely mourner hesitated; she placed one hand on her heart; while with the other, she strewed some fresh-gathered flowers over the tomb, from a small wicker basket which was standing by her side.

A little spaniel now came skipping up: it was Mary's. The agitated maid arose; she looked at the dog, then at the grave, and then again at the dog. "Pizarro! Pizarro!" she resumed, "only legacy of my angel friend! even thou dost mourn for thy fallen mistress! Come, come to me, my beauteous animal, and let me fondle thee and think of Mary!"

Catharine now for the first time, beheld me: a faint blush tinged her pale cheek for an instant; while with a dejected air and downcast eyes, she turned from Mary's tomb; and followed by Pizarro, slowly disappeared, leaving me to my own reflections, which at that moment was not the most pleasant.

A MORNING'S WALK IN OCTOBER.

THE morning was extremely foggy, the thickness of the mist shrouded day's radiant eye, and deprived creation of its illuminating ray; but soon the interposing vapor vanished before Sol's penetrating beam.

Thus virtue is oft obscured by the clouds of calumny till the shades of slander are dispersed by the beams of truth, and she, like the golden luminary, shines forth with pristine lustre.

During the early trip, the lark did not sing one song; the linnet was mute; nor did I once hear the voice of the black-bird.

"Ye plumy sons of harmony!" I exclaimed, "ye, who on towering pinions chaunt carols in the air, or cheer with your melody the bosom of the grove, what means this silence? Are ye brooking over your fears, and anticipating future want? Has the prospect of Winter depressed your spirits, and robbed you of the inclination for singing? Fear not, ye citizens of the bough; still warble the lay of love, and tune the song of innocence. That Being who formed you will feed you."

For the New York Weekly Museum.

TO DAMON.

WHEN I address'd Philanders muse,
Her boldness to restrain ;
I little thought a Damon would,
Her artfulness maintain.

Since you have shown like some fierce fiend,
With words though ill apply'd,
Though sanction'd by your swainish friend,
Your arts are all defy'd,

But since you are Philanders tool,
Be true unto your trust ;
Your muse declares I envy him.
I fear you envy both.

Then if you feel the venom fire,
Raging within your breast ;
Say as that Dorcas muse aspires,
To break Philanders rest.

For if his tale be really true,
As I have said before ;
No joys could equal mine to view,
His breast to peace restor'd.

Presumptious man no more presume,
Desist for to maintain ;
Like Æolus you have blown a blast,
Like Harpocrates remain.

DORVAL.

NEW-YORK, OCTOBER 13, 1804.

Fifty-three Deaths have occurred in this city during the last week, ending the 6th instant.

Births in this city, for the month of September, 1804—Males, 155—Females, 156—Total 311.

The number of *Deaths* during the same period was—Men, 52—Boys, 84—Women, 30—Girls, 71—Total, 237. Excess of Births, 74.

On Tuesday night last, the store of Mr. William Cutting in South-street was robbed to a considerable amount.—Mr. C. has for some time past been advertising for *dollars*. The gentry who thought this a fine time to line their pockets, secreted themselves in the store previous to its being shut, having, no doubt, prepared themselves with apparatus to strike a light to enable them successively to go on with their nefarious designs. Having forced the counting room and desks, and taken all the money they could find, they must have again hid themselves behind the bales of goods, till the front door was opened in the morning, when they probably made their escape. It is of importance to notice this circumstance, because it will induce store keepers to search their stores previous to shutting them up; for stores filled with goods must have fine hiding places for *gentlemen* who are disposed to make free with property not their own.

On Tuesday night, we experienced a severe gale from the northward, which we fear has done much damage along the banks of Hudson River.—Several captains who arrived from Albany inform that they were obliged to come down a great part of the way under bare poles.

We learn from Newburg, by the captain of a vessel who arrived at this port a few days ago, that the storm and gale of wind on Tuesday evening were the most severely felt there of any within the recollection of the oldest inhabitants; and that, amongst other instances of destruction, five or six houses were blown down to the ground.

PHILADELPHIA, October 10.

The violent squall which occurred about 8 o'clock yesterday morning, drove the ship Fortune from her fasts at the Lazaretto, and overset her within one hundred yards of the wharf.—Three of the passengers who happened to be on board were drowned.—Two were fathers of families by this accident left destitute, in a country with the habits, customs, manners, and language of which they are unacquainted.

This vessel arrived from Embden more than a fortnight ago after a tedious passage of 90 days, during which 20 persons had perished of a contagious fever, generated by her crowded state, and of which forty-one, including the captain, were landed ill on her arrival.

The above is tendered the more affecting by the sufferings they had endured and the hopes they must have begun at last to cherish; for we understand that the wonton care of the Board of Health had, during a week, succeeded in stopping the spread of this disease, and in restoring most of those who had been affected.

It is not meant to insinuate any blame against the captain or others: He avers that the Prussian government forced him to take more on board than the ship could accommodate, and that on his departure he returned sixty ashore by the pilot boat; we understand that the liberal humanity of Mr. Dusar has amply supplied them with every comfort, suggested to him by the Board, as conducive to their welfare.

PORTSMOUTH, September 7.

On Thursday evening last, a younger brother of Mr. James Rumblet, merchant, of this town, fell the height of four stories, and in the fall broke one of his legs and fractured his skull in two or three places: It remained doubtful whether he will recover.

LONDON, May 23.

Madame Garnerin with a Russian lady, ascended in a Balloon, at Moscow. These ladies did not desist from their bold enterprise, though at the instant a thunder storm, with hail and lightning, made it very hazardous. A quarter before eight o'clock in the evening, they ascended 5,5000 feet. They heard in the air thunder every where round them, and felt the effect of the electric fluid in the atmosphere, which was full of clouds and rain, and agitated by wind; the russian lady received a severe contusion, by coming against a tree. As the Balloon was become very heavy from the rain, the female æronatus had been obliged to throw away all their instruments, even the parachute, when they touched the ground, only ten pounds of ballast remained.

In the mad-house, at Ail-la-Chapelle is an insane, whose madnes has subject to surprising and periodical changes. He has been shut up there fifteen years.—For the three first years he never spoke a word but was continually silent.—During the three following he seldom ceased to speak either night or day. Afterwards he laughed for three years, and in such a violent manner that he often fell into convulsions. When this period was over, he began to whistle from morning to night, so that many persons apprehended, that want of rest must kill him. It will soon be three years since he bagan to cry in such a manner, that he has already lost the sight of one eye, and, should he not leave it off, he must probably be in a short time entirely blind. He is thirty-five years of age, but looks if he had passed three score and ten. His only food for the last fifteen years has been, in every 24 hours two small slices of bread; and his only drink two glasses of water.

COURT OF HYMEN.

——"MARRIAGE is a vortex,
That draws the weary and the wild into it:
The reverend white-wig'd judge—the part, gay fop ;
The priest, the ploughman—all are borne about
By passion's tempest, or love's gentle gale."

MARRIED.

On Sunday evening, by the Rev. Dr. Miller, Mr. *Richard Greenwood*, of this city, to Miss *Murphy*, of Middle-town, New-Jersey.

At Newark, *Mr. Joseph Beach*, to Miss *Abby Camp*.

At Morris-Town, (N. J.) Mr. *Thomas English*, merchant, to Miss *Catharine Ewing*, daughter of Thomas Ewing, merchant, of Philadelphia.

MORTALITY.

THE grave, great teacher, to a level brings,
Heroes and beggars, galley slaves and kings.

DIED.

On Sunday evening last, Mr. WALTER TOWNSEND.

At Newark, Dr. CYRUS PIERSON.

On Wednesday the 12th inst. at the Great Pond, in the township of Newburgh, Dr. GILBERT JONES, one of the Elders of the Presbyterian Church in that village.

At Baltimore, Mr. DAVID NEILSON.

Same place, Rev. MICHAEL CUDDY, of the Roman Catholic Church.

FANCY BASKETS AND WOODEN WARE,

JAMES THORBURN, No. 26 MAIDEN-LANE, CORNER OF GREEN STREET,

Returns grateful thanks to his friends and the public for their past favors, and flatters himself that by an assiduous attention in the line of his business he will continue to experience their patronage. He begs leave to inform them that in addition to his former stock, he has received per the ship Magott and other arrivals from Amsterdam a very handsome assortment of

FANCY BASKETS &c. viz.

Clothes Baskets of different sizes, handsome Toilet Baskets, Wine-glass Baskets, round and oval large and small Trunk Baskets, large and small Market Baskets, ladies fine knitting do. different sizes, childrens do. different kinds, Cadrile Boxes, Counter Baskets, Tumbler Baskets different sizes, Cake Baskets every handsome, &c. &c.

East India and Holland Table Mats, together with a large assortment of Tubs, iron and wooden bound, Pails, iron, brass, and wooden bound, Coolers, strap'd, plain and painted, brass and iron bound; also, Lignumvitæ, Pestles, Mortars, and Rolling Pins &c. common Baskets different kinds.

LITERATURE.

The subscriber highly sensible of the importance of the trust committed to him as a Teacher of English Literature, thankfully remembers the liberal encouragement of his employers to him in the line of his business, and assures them that he will to the utmost of his ability continue to instill in the minds of his Pupils, with energy every part of instruction, which may have a tendency to promote their present and future usefulness; the subscriber respectfully informs his employers and the public in general, that he purposes opening an Evening School on the first evening of October next. And conscious of having reciprocally discharged his duty to those committed to his care in communicating useful knowledge, teaching strict decorum, virtue, and morality, he flatters himself of further liberal encouragment in the line of his business. He continues as usual to give lessons to Ladies and Gentlemen at their own dwellings, particularly in the new System of Penmanship, wherein he will accomplish them in three months. Or can materially improve the hand in writing by a few lessons.

N. B. The subscriber writes Deeds, Mortgages Indentures, Wills, Leases, Powers, Bonds &c. &c., on the most reasonable terms. No. 17 Barker-Street.

W. D. LEZELL.

September 17. 881, if.

COURT OF APOLLO.

THE RETURN.

" O cease your roar, you angry winds,
And vex not thus my child!
Ye scowling blasts, restrain your rage,
Nor smite his features mild!
Spare, O spare, his infant bloom!
O save him, save him, from an early tomb.

Ah me, the rude blast rages by,
Regardless of my woe;
And round my babe's unsheltered head,
The ruthless whirlwinds blow!
O, Heaven, the unrelenting storm assuage!
Spare, gracious Heaven, the darling of my age.

Hark! hark! a well-known voice I hear,
Its accents sweet and mild,
Break on my ravish'd ear —'Tis he!
The father of my child!
O fly to save your helpless wife,
Your child the darling of your life."

" Yes, I will shield thee from the blast;
On me repose each anxious care,
Recline within my faithful arms,
With me each simple pleasure share,
My boy! O how my heart is blest!
I'll soothe each terror of thy infant breast."

ANECDOTE.

IT was a beautiful turn given by a great lady, who being asked where her husband was; when he lay concealed for being deeply concerned in a conspiracy, resolutely answered, "She had hid him." This confession drew her before the king, who told her nothing but discovering where her lord was concealed could save her from the torture. "And will that do," said the lady, "Yes," says the king, "I give you my word for it." "Then," says she, "I have hid him in my heart, where you'll find him." Which surprising answer charmed her enemies.

Mr. TURNER.

INFORMS his friends and the public, that he has removed from Dey-Street, to No. 15 PARK, near the Theatre. Where he practises PHYSIC, and the profession of SURGEON DENTIST. He fits ARTIFICIAL TEETH upon such principles that they are not merely ornamental, but answer the desirable purposes of nature. And so neat inappearance that they cannot be discovered from the most natural. His method also of CLEANING the TEETH is generally approved, and allowed to add every possible elegance to the finest set, without incurring the slightest pain, or injury to the enamel. In the most raging TOOTH-ACH, his TINCTURE has rarely proved itself fatal, but if the DECAY is beyond the power of remedy, his attention in extracting CARIOUS TEETH upon the most improved CHIRURGICAL principles, is attended with infinite ease and safety.

Mr. TURNER will wait on any Lady, or Gentleman at their respective houses, or he may be consulted at No. 15 Park, where may be had his ANTISCORBUTIC TOOTH POWDER, an innocent and valuable preparation of his own from Chymical knowledge. It has been considerably esteemed the last ten years, and many Medical Characters both use and recommend it, as by the daily application, the TEETH become beautifully white, the GUMS are braced, and affume a firm and natural healthful red appearance, the loofened TEETH are rendered faft in their Sockets the breath imparts a delectable sweetnefs, and their deftructive accumulation of TARTAR, together with DECAY, and TOOTH-ACH prevented

The TINCTURE and POWDER, may likewife be had at G. and R. Waites Book Store No. 64 Maiden-Lane
August 25 1804. B15 tf.

MORALIST.

LIVE so as to have no cause of blushing in private; if you stand in awe of yourself, you will have no need of Seneca's imaginary overseer.

Good sense is as much superior to the levity of wit as the light of the sun is to the momentary glare of the meteor; and an accomplished female mind is infinitely more estimable in the eyes of reflecting men than those exhibitions of feminine charms obtruded on our fancy by fashion. Such beautiful creatures as glide along the streets, decorated with showy apparel, may amuse the passenger; but would he wish to see his wife in the loose attire of a woman of the town? Then let us dischuntenance this violation of public decency, endeavor to persuade the fair sex, that modesty and purity of manners are true ornaments that render their beauty at once, amiable and estimable.

LEE's LONDON LIQUID BLACKING,

Warranted not to injure the Leather.

THIS Blacking is eminently superior to any ever offered for sale in the United States, for beautifying and preserving Boots and Shoes; it gives them a most excellent fine black glofs, keeps them lofs, fmooth and pliable, prevents them from cracking, and never fools. It will alfo reftore the glofs on black morocco and give it all its original luftre. Sold wholefale and retail by C LEE, at his Boot and Shoe ftore, No. 220 Broadway, oppofite the City-Hotel.

N. B. Great allowance to thofe who take to fell again.

*** C LEE has likewife on hand a good affortment of Gentlemen's Boots and Shoes, Ladies best Morocco and Leather flippers. 796—tf.

Eruptions and Humors on the Face and Skin particularly

Freckles, Pimples, Blotches, Ringworms, Tan, Sun-burns, Shingles, Scorbutic and Cutaneous Eruptions of every denfription, Prickly heat, Redness of the Nose Neck Arms, &c.

Are effectually and speedily cured by

Dr. Church's Genuine Vegetable LOTION.

THIS LOTION is excelled by no other in the world. It has been administered by the proprietor for several years in Europe and America with the greatest success. By the simple application of this fluid, night and morning, it will remove the most rancorous and alarming scurvy in the face. It is perfectly safe, yet powerful, and poffeffes all the good qualities of the most celebrated cofmetics, without any of their doubtful effects. It is therefore recommended as a certain and effectious remedy, and a valuable and almoft indifpenfable appendage to the toilet, infinitely fuperior to the common trafhe—Cream drawn from Violets and Milk from Roles! Suffice it however to fay, it has been administered to many thoufands in the United States and W. Indies with the greatest and most unparalleled success, and without even a fingle complaint of its inefficacy. A fmall bottle at 75 cents will be found sufficient to prove its value

Price 75 cents.

☞ Prepared and fold at Church's Difpenfary, No. 180 Bowery, New-York. Dec. 31

LIQUID BLACKING

TICE's improved fhining liquid blacking for boots and fhoes and all leather that requires to be kept black, is univerfally allowed the beft ever offered to the public, it never corrodes nor cracks the leather but renders it foft fmooth and beautiful to the laft, and never fools. Black morocco that has loft its luftre is reftored equal to new by the ufe of this blacking. Sold wholefale, retail, and for exportation, by J. Tice, at his perfumery ftore, No. 136 Wallftreet, and by G. Camp No. 142 Pearl ftreet, where all orders will be thankfully received, and immediately executed.

To prevent counterfeits, the directions on every bo le will be figned J. TICE, in writing, without which they are not genuine!

J. Tice has likewife for fale, a general affortment of Perfumery of the beft quality. Dec. 17 tf

N. SMITH,

Chimical Perfumer, from London, at the New-York, Hair Powder and Perfume Manufactory, (the Golden Rofe,) No. 114 Broadway, oppofite the City Hotel.

SMITH's improved chimical Milk of Roles fo well known for clearing the Skin from fcurf, pimples, redness or fun-burns: has not its equal for preferving the fkin to extreme old age, and is very fine for gentlemen after fhaving.—with printed directions,—6d. 8s, and 12s. per bottle, or 3 dolls. per quart.

Smith's Pomade de Grafse, for thickening the hair, and keeping it from coming out or turning grey; 4s. and 8s. per pot with printed directions.

His fuperfine white Hair Powder, 2s. per lb.—do. Violet, double fcented, 2s. 6d

His beautiful Rofe Pomade, 2s 6d.

Highly improved foam formed hard and foft Pomatums 2s. per pot, or roll, double 4s.

His white Almond Wafh-Ball, 2s and 3s each Very good common, 1s. Camphor, 2s & 3s do. Vegetable

Smith's balsamic Lip Salve of Roles, for giving a moft beautiful coral red to the lips; cures roughnefs and chops and leaves them quite fmooth, 2s and 4s. per box

His fine cofmetic Cold Cream, for taking off all kinds of roughnefs, and leaving the fkin fmooth and comfortable.

Smith's favourite Royal Pafte, for waffhing the fkin making it fmooth, delicate and fair, to be had only as above, with directions, 4s. and 8s. per pot.

Smith's chimical Detrifice Tooth Powder, for the Teeth and Gums, warranted, 2 and 4s per box.

Smith's Vegetable Rouge, for giving a natural color to the complexion; likewife his Vegetable or Pearl Cofmetic immediately whitening the fkin.

All kinds of fweet fcented Waters and Eflences, with every article neceffary for the toilet, warranted.

Smith's Chimical Blacking Cakes, for making Shining Liquid Blacking.—Almond Powder for the Skin, 3s. 6.

Smith's Circaffia Oil, for glofling and keeping the hair in curl. His purified Alpine Shaving Cake, made on Cosmical principles to help the operation of fhaving.

Smith's celebrated Corn Plaifters, 3s per box,

The beft warranted Concave Razors, Elaftic Razor Strop, Shaving boxes Dreffing cases, Pen-knives, Sciffors, Tortoife-fhell, Ivory, and Horn-combs, fuperfine white Starch Smelling-bottles, &c. &c. Ladies & Gentlemen will not only have a favorg, but have their goods frefh & free from adulteration, which is not the cafe with imported perfumery. *** Great allowance to thofe who buy to fell again

June 5 1804. 805 1y.

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